

ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

AM BOTHERN, English comedian, is soon to be seen in a new character comedy entitled "Such is Life," written by Harold Owen, one of the authors of "Mr. Wu." The Messrs. Shubert will make the production. Ann Cleaver, a young English actress, has been engaged for the principal feminine role. Ferdinand Gottschalk has also been selected for a part in the play.

GOUGET IN HIS OLD ROLE. M. Gouget, the original Baron in "L'Enfant Prodiges," has arrived in New York from Paris under contract to Winthrop Ames and Walter Knight and will assume that role in "The Prodigal," as the pantomime is called here, next Monday evening at the Little Theatre.

CAN YOU IMAGINE? Julia Arthur, at a rehearsal of her new play, "Serenada," recently chided the other players for neglect in getting up in their lines. It was quite a pointed lecture they received. Then Miss Arthur began the rehearsal of a love scene with Charles Hammond and became so "fussed" she couldn't remember a single one of her own lines. Many giggles and gurgles from the troupe!

QUIP BY G. D. MENDUM. Speaking of rehearsals, the Anna Held "Follow Me" company was working away recently when a song writer came on the stage to play and sing the latest ditties, one of those "patriotic" numbers. He wanted the Messrs. Shubert to put it in the show. Georgia Drew Mendum heard the song through and drily then did say: "Good heavens! We don't need to wave the flag to save this show." Considerable of a riff, isn't it? Or is it?

BY WAY OF DIVERSION. He drops into a chair and growls; then takes the menu card. He's always tired and sour. His lot is always hard. He glances down the list of foods, a frown upon his face; then says they never have a thing to eat in the "bum place. He'll never come in there again—at least, that's what he vows. The owner hasn't more than half the brains the law allows. The waiters are a careless lot who ought to be in jail. These knocks and others of their kind make up his mournful wail. At last he orders from the card and eats a hearty meal. At intervals he follows up his crabbed, mournful spiel. And when he pays his check and leaves he gives a final sneer while those nearby can hardly keep from letting out a cheer.

SOUSA IS HONORED. John Philip Sousa was peculiarly honored in Philadelphia one day recently. He was permitted to pose for a photograph by the side of Little Harry Joline, announced by his relatives as "the four-year-old marvel." Three typewritten pages, handed in by the proud father of Little Harry, tell how the boy has actually travelled all over America. It also describes how President Wilson once shook the hand of Little Harry. One paragraph especially gives us a line on Little Harry's talents. It reads: "He is the youngest perfect photographic model, being before a camera about 250 times, using different expressions and positions." Sousa has been very proud ever since he and Little Hank posed.

ONE MAN'S COMMENT. "Under Sentence," by Irvin Cobb and Roi Cooper Megrue, now at the Harvard Club, is about a convict. Mr. Megrue possesses an automobile and has a man to drive it. After the first night of the play he asked the chauffeur if he had heard any comments on it from those coming out of the theatre. "Um—er—yes," he replied. "What did you hear?" the author asked. "I'd rather not say." "Come on—tell me." "Well," said the chauffeur, "I heard a man say nobody but ex-convicts could have written that play."

FOR THE ABSENT ONE. C. C. Waddell, husband of the late Louise Forslund, who wrote the story from which Rachel Crothers made Lee Kugler's play, "Old Lady 31," has written Miss Crothers as follows: "I know that you must be inundated with congratulations over the success of 'Old Lady 31,' but as the living representative of the author, I cannot help but voice the appreciation and delight which I know she would have felt at the artistry, sympathy and sincerity with which you have transferred the story to the stage."

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

THE TIME YOU REMEMBERED MOM'S BIRTHDAY AND THE REST FORGOT.



By Jack Callahan

"S'MATTER, POP?"



Unless Pop Is a Superman Willie Has the Advantage of Him, Too!



By C. M. Payne

HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Doubtless Henry Told Nothing but the Truth at That!



By Bud Counihan

FLOOEY AND AXEL

Take Axel's Advice and Keep Out of the Movies!



By Vic

THE EVENING WORLD'S

Kiddie Klub Korner

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

Dicky and Dot in the "Wonder City"

By Mary Graham Bonner.

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An Aquarium Circus.

DICKY AND DOT had arrived at the Aquarium, a large building with tanks filled with water in which were fishes of all sorts and sizes.

"Do you see," said one of the keepers to Dicky, "the fishes are giving a circus to-day? They haven't put up billboards as real circus people do, but they have been splashing enough for the past few days for any one to tell that something wonderful was soon to happen and to-day they are ready."

Dicky and Dot went to the tank where there was a large mother seal. He was the ring leader—just like the man in the tall black hat who stands in the centre ring at the circus and cracks a big whip.

Instead of cracking a whip, mother seal was splashing. "Splash, splash, splash, up you go my beauties!"

The smaller seals in the next tank were on a board. As the mother seal gave her last signal to splash, off they dove into the tank, and when they swam up again the mother seal was splashing in a way which meant, "A splendid trick, my children. You are the wonders of the age."

Again she splashed and this time they each jumped from the board and landed with a terrific splash in the water, while Dicky and Dot clapped their hands. But in a nearby tank the sturgeons were calling out, "People, children, every one come near!" And all the people in the aquarium drew near the sturgeons' tank. "Splash, double splash!" went the sturgeons, and every one had water splattered over them.

"Oh, dear," said Dot; "I'm really quite wet!" The sturgeons could only talk in the fish language, but in reality this was what they were saying.

"People and children take baths in tubs, or they go swimming in the sea, but we are really clean. We are always in the water. Now we're giving you a free bath. We don't charge 10 cents extra for this side-show. This is free, free, free!" And as they said all this they splashed more than ever so that the people moved away.

And in the next tank were the turtles. They were sitting on a log having school. They were learning their lessons, which, instead of studying out of books, they were practicing. For their school was the circus school and they were doing many wonderful tricks—jumping and snapping—all quite pleasantly and cheerfully. So Dicky and Dot spent the afternoon watching the tricks of the fishes in their tanks in the wonderful city aquarium!

How to Join the Klub

BEHOLDING with any number, dip out six of the 100 coupons printed in the Kiddie Klub.

You have six coupons numbered 1 to 6. When you have six coupons numbered 1 to 6, send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, 45 Park Row, New York City, with a note in which you must state your name and address.

No application will be considered unless there are six coupons and a note from you.

Every member is presented with a silver-plated pin and a membership certificate.

PIN COUPON

EVENING WORLD

"KIDIE KLUB"

Number

80



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Cousin Eleanor's "Klub Kolumn"



DEAR COUSINS: I must tell you about a family of six sisters and brothers, all of whom are members of the Klub and quite a lot of others. They are Marie (age 6), George (age 8), Pauline (age 10), Leopold (age 12), Anna (age 14) and William (age 16). Their surname is Hillemeyer and they live at No. 40 Woodbury Street, Ansonia.

Now, the reason I am writing about them is not because there are six of them all from one family and all members. (We have several families just as large enrolled.) I speak of them because they sent their coupons in all together and the numbers on them showed that they waited one for the other until all had saved enough to join us. Does that not show sweet family feeling, unselfishness and consideration? To wait throughout twelve weeks—three whole months—just so as to come to the Klub together! They deserve our praise and ought also to be an example to many other kiddies who are less unselfish. COUSIN ELEANOR.

P. S.—I feel you surely will be interested to know that we have two little cousins "over the river" in England. They are MAUDIE HAYRES, aged twelve, 40 College Street, Southampton, and HAY, aged eleven, 1111 Broadway, New York City. They both became make-believe cousins of ours through their real cousins who live here, and they both write that they LOVE being one of us.

LITTLE COUSIN MAUDIE writes: "I feel now that I have a lot of American cousins and I am pleased to hear from some of them."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q—I did not receive the rules of the drawing contest. So I drew what I thought was nice. Next night I noticed my mistake. May I draw another picture using the contest subject? J. B.

A—Yes, I wish you would.

Q—I am saving coupons to become a member. May I send in my drawing before my coupon is sent? D. B.

A—Not unless you will have finished writing out your coupon before the time.

Q—Can we adopt another girl's pin? A. W.

A—Certainly, if it seems in his coupon.

Q—Can my sister and I join with the same six coupons? D. B.

A—No. Each child must have a separate set.

Q—If we can should get broken or lost, could I draw another by sending six more coupons? D. B.

A—No. That cannot be done. Any Kiddie who has had an accident of this kind may write and tell me and I will answer telling how to go about replacing your Kiddie Klub pin.

A WIFE'S WIT.

"I've got an awfully witty wife," boasts Solomon Beach. "I get most of my good stuff from her, to tell you the truth. Sometimes, though, her wit is a bit too sharp for comfort. Now, the other evening I came home feeling sort of mean. I had a corn that was raising thunder with me, and I wasn't in the best of humor. Well, I came limping up the walk, and my wife stood at the door, eyeing me suspiciously. 'What makes you walk so funny?' she said. 'Corn!' I snapped, grumpily. 'Oh,' she said, turning away. 'I thought maybe it was you!'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



The idea for to-day's story was contributed by DOROTHY DORR, city.

Write only on one side of the paper. Put your name, age, address and membership certificate on the top of your first page. Mail to Wonder Story Editor, Evening World, No. 45 Park Row, New York City.

Dicky and Dot might see in a big city.

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Suggest only REAL "wonders" which